

(Continued from page 2)

## CHAPTER XI.

THE WOMAN WHO TEMPTED HIM.

"Look here," he began sternly; "you can't expect one class to fight the battles of another class. Why should they? Do you fight our battles? If you want us to run our railroads and mines and factories in a certain way, it's up to you to make us do it. You've got votes; we've got money and organization. It's a fight, class against class. You want to get rid of your grievances; we want to keep our privileges. Go ahead—make laws, inspect our books, learn our secrets, put us in jail, do anything. But if you can't do anything, keep still, take your medicine and don't come whining to us to play your game. We will never do it—never! We are too busy playing our own."

Moran stormed into the room. He was hot, disheveled; his eyes glittered. "Here, you, Jackson!" he shouted. "Do you think that you can grab the whole bakeshop business and throw hundreds of men out of work? My boss has joined your combination, and I've got notice to quit! It's an outrage!"

He turned upon Haggleton. "Hold on!" commanded Philip. Moran restrained himself. "See here, Moran," the millionaire began, "this combination is a good thing."

"It's a blamed monopoly!" The baker's assistant started on another speech full of abuse.

"You watch him," said Haggleton, dryly to Gentle. "Now listen."

"Look here, Moran; we'll make better bread and cheaper bread for the whole east side."

Moran continued his harangue. "Yes, and you'll ruin homes in every street."

Better and better, thought Haggleton. The man was working himself up



"Here, you, Jackson!" he shouted, to a climax of denunciatory fury. The anticlimax he had already prepared would be all the more telling.

"We will make a lot of money," he said.

"Blood money!" shrieked Moran. "Any man who would touch a penny of it is a low bound!"

"I am sorry you feel that way," Haggleton's voice sounded disappointed. "I had picked you out as assistant manager."

Gentle became very attentive. "Assistant manager?" exclaimed Moran.

"With a salary of \$18 a week to begin with."

"Eighteen to begin?" Moran was staggered.

"But of course," the millionaire went on regretfully. "I can't ask you now to take it, knowing the way you feel. You would regard it as blood money."

"Yes—of course," Moran stammered. "That is to say—perhaps—come to think of it, I don't know as I would."

"But consider you would always be thinking of those mothers and children."

"Well, cheaper bread would be a blessing, and as assistant manager I could make things easier for them. I accept."

"Very well, then. Go down to the Madison street bakery and help set up the electric kneading machine."

Moran turned with alacrity, touched his hat and went out.

"You see," commenced Haggleton, "it's as easy as that."

He was grimly amused. Gentle did not answer. It occurred to him that perhaps he might teach Haggleton an object lesson in his turn and regain his influence over Philip. So he said:

"I forgot those tenement house calls, my boy." Turning to Haggleton, he added, "Perhaps you would like to go with us?" But the millionaire replied with barely concealed impatience: "There is no use in these tenement calls."

"Oh, yes, there is," protested Gentle. Quietly Haggleton had continued his investigations of this tenement house problem himself and achieved a great deal. Much of the misery he had seen was preventable by the sufferers themselves. Already he had begun to formulate plans which he would lay before those two reformers. His offer of ten millions for the cause to Gentle had not been made on the spur of the moment. Still, considering it wise not to leave Philip just then to the unopposed influence of Gentle, he accompanied them upon their mission.

Jenny, who had been hidden in her little room during this long interview, waiting, watchful for an opportunity to see Philip alone, now entered the larger apartment swiftly and darted to the window.

Where were they going? She looked out of the window. Would Joe carry out his promise? She had paid him for his service.

She saw a boy run out of a doorway, speak to Philip and give him a note.

She was all prepared for him. She had taken off her dress and put on a soft wrapper of yellow and black, with her daintiest, flimsiest things underneath and just a touch of perfume. She had let down her thick hair and left it hanging over her shoulders. Then she had opened a bottle of gold dust fluid and carefully applied little dabs of it to her arms and shoulders, where it remained in shining blotches.

Poor Jenny! She built such high hopes upon this primitive ruse of hers, this trap of her physical attractions laid for the man whom she worshiped and would have served so loyally and with a devotion that asked so little in return. This was what life had taught her. The dregs through which she had waded clung to her. She believed that through them she could attain her high purpose, for her love for Philip was high and true, compact of the noblest aspirations, the best of all her.

She would not stoop to the base use of her knowledge of Margaret's relationship. Mr. Jackson had saved her from that baseness, but all was fair in love, and she was beautiful. That weapon, given her, she would employ.

Presently the door opened. "Who's there?" she called.

"It's I," replied Philip. "Hello! Are you here?"

"Yes," confusedly. "I—er—I was fixing up the room. I did not expect you."

The girl came forward, walking rather unsteadily. "I don't feel well," she said. "It is a sort of dizziness." She put her hand to her eyes.

"You're weak and faint," exclaimed Philip. "You must sit down."

Jenny sat down obediently.

"Has Joe Caffrey been here?" asked Philip.

"No."

"He wants to see me."

Jenny sighed faintly.

"Want a blanket around you?"

"No; I'm too hot already. Maybe I have fever." She held out her hand.

"Your hand is warm," said Philip. "but it seems all right to me."

He drew up a chair and sat down at her side.

"I'm so unhappy, Phil," murmured Jenny. "What can I do? Tell me, Phil. You're the only one I can turn to, and—oh, it's awfully hard!"

"I know, Jenny, but—"

"I've tried to do right, haven't I? I've taken any old kind of work, and, God knows, \$5 a week isn't much for a girl who's lived as I have. Why, \$5 a day wouldn't pay for the flowers I used to get! Haven't I come down and lived and worked in this rotten place and never kicked?"

"Indeed you have, Jenny. You've been fine," said Philip earnestly.

"Sometimes I ask myself what's the use of being decent. Who cares?"

"We all care."

Jenny smiled wistfully. "Do you care, Phil? I did it all for you."

"You did it because it was right, Jenny," he said gravely, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable under her pleading eyes.

"Phil," she went on, "you don't know how hard my work is. This gold dust stuff seems to eat right into me, and I can't get it off. See here," and she showed him the marks.

He gazed at the gilt marks on her neck and spoke sympathetically to her. Jenny interrupted him.

"Phil, do you ever think of the old days, before I was married? You said I was pretty."

"You were pretty," he answered unsteadily, "and—and you are pretty."

How his pulses throbbed!

"Yes?" she brightened. "And, Phil, you kissed me once. I remember what you said."

"What did I say?" he faltered.

"You said my lips were the sweetest things you ever tasted."

He rose in agitation.

"I must go, Jenny," he said. "I—I can't wait."

"Not yet, Phil," she begged, and, swiftly changing the ground of her attack, she spoke of her life with such humble sadness that Philip, touched and reassured, sat down again. It seemed, she said, as if an evil star hung over her. Why should George have been killed? If he had been spared her everything would have been different. And if they hadn't taken away her little baby and let it die then still she would have had something to live for. Her voice broke as she spoke of her baby. And if that selfish woman hadn't left her husband alone then, perhaps even then, she would have kept straight. But things had been too hard for her. She hadn't had a fair chance, and—

She turned to Philip with her whole soul in her eyes. "Tell me, Phil, do you think me a wicked girl?"

"No, Jenny, I—I don't."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried.

"Sit closer to me—here. People get lonely, don't they, Phil?"

Her eyes were burning on him.

"Yes."

"And want to be loved, don't they?"

"I—I suppose so."

"And—sometimes petted?"

He would not speak; he could only look at her, at her swimming eyes and her red, half parted lips. She trembled with the love that sears and sears.

our will have its way. For a moment she met his eyes and then with swift passion caught him in her arms.

"I love you!" she cried passionately. "Oh, how I love you!"

She kissed him full on the lips again and again, and he returned her kisses. Then at this moment of peril—then suddenly some power in him cleared his brain, and in a flash of sober vision he saw Margaret, his Margaret, looking at him with grave reproach. With sudden revulsion he broke away from her, crying:

"What a dog I am!"

Jenny, disillusioned, humiliated, rose quickly and stood looking at him. A bottle on the table caught his attention.

It was the little flask of liquid gold. The truth suddenly flashed upon him. She had been playing a part; she had tricked him here to—to destroy him.

"You little devil!" he cried.

"Phil!" she cried in fear.

"Let me see those stains," he ordered, and he tore her wrapper open,

exposing her neck. He rubbed his fingers over the stains.

"Ah, I thought so! You said it wouldn't come off. It comes off quite easily. You were lying to me."

"No," she said weakly.

He opened the bottle.

"I say you were lying. It's the same stuff. You brought it here; you put it on your shoulders; you—you—"

"I didn't mean any harm."

"No harm!" he shouted. "Heavens! What do you call harm? Because you hate the girl I love you get me here by tricks and lies. Joe Caffrey never sent that note!"

"He wrote it, Phil."

"You made him write it. If he wanted to see me he'd be here. You wanted to get me here—alone."

He paused.

"Do you—do you own up?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Phil, I—I did it because—"

"You're had all through."

Jenny shrank in despair.

"I am had all through?" she said quietly. "All right. I got you here by a trick? That's true. And I hate the girl you love? You bet I do!"

"But what are you?" she flamed.

"You are a loyal lover; you are a preacher of reform, Philip Ames, but you held me in your arms, and you kissed my mouth!"

She paused, then added:

"And you liked it! You liked it!"

She showed the scorn of the woman for the man who is weak and places the blame on her.

Philip sank into a chair, crushed, burying his face in his hands. How could he ever face Margaret again?

Jenny forgot herself, her defeat, in the desire to console the beloved one. It was a sister's feeling, pure, compassionate, unselfish.

She knelt beside him and compassionately whispered his name.

He rose with hatred in his voice: "Don't speak to me."

The tone drove her to a desperate determination.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Yes, I mean it."

Philip's voice was that of the man who echoes the weak plea of the first man: The woman tempted him.

"Then it's all off," Jenny said briskly. Her mind was made up.

She went to her room and returned with hat and cloak.

"I am going. I won't trouble you any more. Goodbye."

Philip did not grasp the horrible meaning of her words.

Jenny still had a lingering hope. But Philip neither moved nor spoke. So she said her final farewell, pleadingly: "I am sorry, Phil—but I—I loved you, and when a girl as bad as I am loves a man—it is—"

The door closed behind her.

Haggleton found Philip in the room an hour later.

"I have had an unpleasant experience," said the son.

"With Jenny Moran?"

"Yes; it was Jenny. I tried to help her."

Haggleton brushed some face powder off Philip's sleeve. Philip blushed.

"I see," he said, then resolutely. "She's in love with you?"

"Love!" answered Philip, with loathing.

"H'm!" mused Haggleton, brushing some more face powder off the tape of



of Philip's coat. "Next time I would advise you to help some older and homelier female."

(Continued next week)

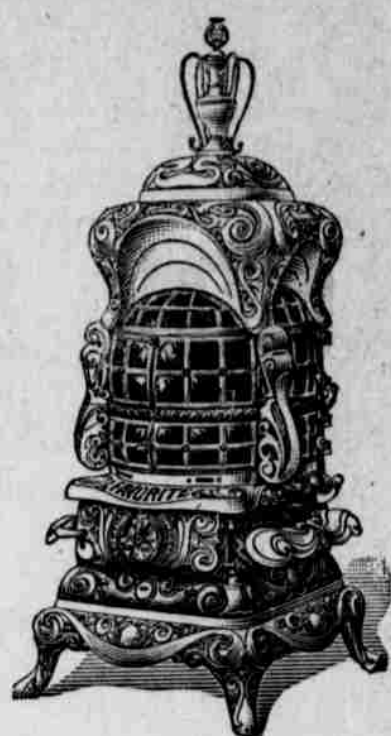
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